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THE

CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE

A DRAMA

IN

THREE ACTS,

E Duveyrier, Anne Honoré Joseph,

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MM. MELESVILLE & ROGER DE BEAUVOIR.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND,
LONDON.

First performed at the Theatre des Varieties, Paris, Feb. 15th, 1840 and at the Princess's Theatre, London, May 20th, 1845.

	Theatre des Varieties.	*Princess's.*
Monsieur de Boulogne (*controleur-general*)	M. Lepeintre, aîné.	Mr. Granby.
Baron de Tourvel (*his son*)	M. Brindeau.	Mr. Heild.
Chevalier de St. George	M. Lafont.	Mr. Wallack.
Viscount de la Morliere	M. Lionel.	Mr. Ranoe.
Marquis de Langeac	M. Carrat.	
Platon (*servant to St. George*)	M. Rebard.	Mr. Courtney.
Julien (*master of the Post-house*)	M. Adrien Rouget.	Mr. Oxberry.
An Exempt	M. Edouard.	Mr. Honner.
Joseph (*servant to De Boulogne*)	M. Emile.	Mr. Henry.
First Huntsman	M. Mayer.	Mr. T. Hill.
A Garcon	M. George.	
The Countess de Presle (*a rich young Creole*)	Mlle. E. Sauvage.	Mrs. Stirling.
Fanchette (*wife to Julien*)	Mlle. Clara.	Miss E. Honnor.
An attendant	Mme. Clement.	Miss Mott.
A Lady	Mme. Lavernie.	

Hunters, Gentlemen, Ladies, Exempts, Servants.

Scene.—First Act, at Rainçy; 2nd and 3rd, at Paris.

COSTUMES.—PERIOD.—1778.

Boulogne.—*First dress,* Dark velvet suit trimmed with gold, white muslin cravat, white silk stockings, shoes and gold buckles, powdered hair with que, three-cornered gold laced hat, sword; *2nd dress,* a rich court suit of the time.

Tourvel.—*First dress,* Green cloth hunting frock, trimmed with gold lace, white breeches, black boots with white tops, spurs, three-cornered gold laced hat, hair powdered, sword and gauntlets; *2nd dress,* court dress.

St. George.—*First dress,* Green velvet hunting frock, &c., same as Baron, but well fitting and *distingue* in appearance, powder; *2nd dress,* Crimson velvet coat, trimmed with gold lace, white satin waistcoat and breeches, white silk stockings, paste buckles, sword, &c.

Morliere and Langeac.—*First dress,* hunting dresses; *2nd dress,* court suits.

Exempt and his Followers.—Plain dark suit, with swords.

Joseph.—*First dress,* Red cloth waistcoat, leather breeches, grey stockings and shoes, white apron; *2nd dress,* Blue blouse, postilion's cap and high boots.

Platon.—Suit of livery.

Countess.—*First dress,* Puce satin over white satin petticoat, black velvet mantle with hood, powder, high-heeled shoes; *2nd dress,* Green velvet jacket, trimmed with gold lace, green riding skirt, black beaver low-crowned hat and feathers; *3rd dress,* Full-hooped dress of gold, lama and satin, flowers and jewels.

Fanchette.—Blue stuff jacket with short sleeves, full red petticoat, coloured stockings, linen head dress.

There should be a change of dress to plainer suits for the third Act, but it is not indispensable.

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THE
CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Post house near the avenue leading to the Chateau de Raincy. Inn* L. H., *with an unpainted signboard hanging out. Higher up a coachhouse, the back of which is against the inn, so that only the body of a carriage can be seen.—the hedge which separates the courtyard of the Post-house must be sufficiently high to conceal the horses from the audience. Garden of the Inn.* R. *Castle in the distance.*

JULIEN *and* HUNTSMEN *discovered drinking at table,* R. C; FANCHETTE *waiting on them.*

ALL *but* JULIEN. } To the health of the bride and bridegroom!

1ST. HUNTSMAN. What's the matter, Julien? What are you scratching your head for? Are you repenting your marriage?

FAN. Not in the first fortnight, surely.

JULIEN. No—I'm ruminating about what sign I shall have painted on my signboard.

FAN. Oh, "Royal Post House."

JULIEN. "And bridle road to the Chateau de Rainçy where all the prince's hunting parties, and Madame Montessons' fêtes take place."

1ST. HUNTSMAN. Have written on it "A good entertainment for man and beast"

JULIEN. No, I don't like beast.

1ST. HUNTSMAN. Call it the "sty."

2ND. HUNTSMAN. Or the "horn."

JULIEN. No reflection on the marriage state, I beg of you. I thought of calling it "the soldier's home," because I was once trumpeter in the dragoons.

FAN. That would be nice—and have a handsome soldier painted on it.

1ST. HUNTSMAN. Bah! Serve us with good wine and never mind a sign at all. (*taking* FANCHETTE'S *hand.*) And with such a pretty wife—

JULIEN. (*rapping his knuckles.*) Don't do that—I don't like it. We never liked it in the dragoons.

1st. Huntsman. Why, he's jealous. (*horn heard without.*) Talking of jealousy, there's the horn. Drink up.

(*cracking of whip heard.*

Stable boy. (*outside,* L.) Chaise and pair. (*horn heard.*)

1st. Huntsman. The horn again! Come, boys, to the meet! (*all exeunt* R. Julien *bows in* De Boulogne *and the* Countess de Presle; *he has his cotton nightcap in his hand.*

De B. (R.) No, no change of horses! put up the carriage, and prepare a chamber for the countess.

Julien. (L. C.) A countess. (*calling.*) The best room.

Fan. (L. *aside to him.*) We have but one.

Julien. Then give her that.

Fan. I'll get it ready. If your ladyship is about to join the hunt, you will perhaps dress here.

Countess. (R. C.) Yes, and you shall be my lady's maid.

Fan. Oh, my lady. (*curtseying.*)

Servants *enter and carry box into house,* L.

Countess. Take care of that box, it contains my riding-habit, and let me know when the saddle horses arrive.

Julien. (*aside.*) Carriage! Saddle horses! What shall I put up for a sign?

De B. Is the room ready?

Julien. Yes, my lord! Beautifully furnished—elegantly—quite a bijou! (*to his wife.*) Take away that broken looking-glass, and pin up that torn curtain. (*aloud.*) Everything entirely new. (*to* Servants.) Now, make haste—don't stand gaping there, and I'll go and warm up some soup for the postilions.

(*during this the carriage has been backed into the coach-house,* L.

Exeunt all but the Countess de Presle *and* de Boulogne.

De B. Your handkerchief and smelling-bottle. (*giving them.*)

Countess. How attentive you are! one could positively think it was you who was going to marry me.

De B. I am only my son's deputy.

Countess. By-the-bye, where is your son?

De B. He's—he's fulfilling his duties on the Prince de Conti.

Countess. Do you know, I'm afraid, my dear Monsieur de Boulogne, that I have given my consent to this marriage, too precipitately.

De B. Not at all: were we not neighbours at St. Domingo? I've always loved you as if you were my daughter, and, had it not been for my sudden departure, of which the old Count de Presle took advantage, to marry you—

Countess. And then to die a year after, leaving me the whole of his immense wealth.

De B. One of the best things he ever did,—and as your natural guardian—now that you are in France, of course, I—

Countess. But, with the exception of your son, I perceive that you allow no *young* gentlemen to approach me.

De B. Young men of the present day are so depraved.

COUNTESS. I am afraid your son is none of the steadiest.

DE B. You're wrong—you're wrong, he is a very prudent lad. (*aside.*) Who has run though a fortune. He has a thousand good qualities. (*aside.*) And a million debts. He'll make you really happy.

COUNTESS. Well, I ought to make a happy marriage this time, if only for a change.

DE B. Good heaven! Are you happy now? surely, there is no attachment that—no—

COUNTESS. Calm yourself, my dear friend, there is no attachment; but as to being happy, ah! I sigh when I think of the days of my childhood.

DE B. I see! a leaf out of the story of Paul and Virginia.

COUNTESS. I hardly know what name to give such childish love. And you will laugh when I tell you the hero of my romance was a poor little negro.

DE B. A negro—a little Carribee!

COUNTESS. Yes, a black, or rather a mulatto.

DE B. (*aside.*) Confound the little ebony wretch!

COUNTESS. 'Twas a strange history. On my mother's estate, which had not less than four hundred slaves upon it, lived a faithful negress who was my nurse—her name was Noémie.

DE B. (*starting.*) Noémie!

COUNTESS. Yes, and if I recollect rightly, 'twas you who sold her to us.

DE B. Possibly. I have some slight recollection—

COUNTESS. She was very handsome for a negress. She had a son called Camille, who was some four or five years older than I was, who was my playfellow as well as slave—used to carry my fan—hold me on my horse, and pay me every sort of attention. His skill in all kinds of exercises was the wonder of the colony. One day—he was then only in his fourteenth year—

DE B. Well?

COUNTESS. A grand fête was given to celebrate the arrival of a new governor. Among other sports there was a horse-race, at which each rider was masked. Amid the competitors was a youth who managed his horse so admirably, that he not only won the race, but the approbation of the whole assembly. On reaching the stand where I was seated by my mother, he refused the prize, signifying that he only wished for one reward, and taking off his mask, he imprinted a kiss upon my shoulder. A cry of indignation burst from the assembly when they beheld a mulatto—'twas Camille. My mother, pale with fury, took the silver whip she always carried by her side, and lashed him across the face. Oh! never shall I forget it. I see him now—his frame trembling—his face smeared with blood, and tears, wrung from him by his shame. I could have rushed to him—have tried to soothe his grief, when with a mighty effort, he broke from those who held him, and, at one bound, he cleared the barriers of the course, and disappeared for ever. Oh, how I wept—you see I still weep when I think of it.

De B. And have you never seen him since?

Countess. *(sighing.)* Never.

De B. *(aside.)* Thank heaven! I began to fear for my son.

Countess. The night after this frightful scene, I was lying half asleep, when I heard, under my window, the following Creole air:—

SONG.*—Countess,—*The air of "The Child of the Sun," in the opera of "The Bondman."*

Dark is my hue, as that of night,
I go to seek a grave;
I dared to worship one too bright,
To love a wretched slave.

Farewell! I may not live for thee,
Then take my latest sigh;
My greatest privilege must be,
To love thee, and to die.

De B. Was it he?

Countess. I ran to the window—I called Camille, but in vain: he was never after heard of. 'Twas supposed he had taken refuge in the Spanish part of the Isle.

De B. Or gone into the woods and died, as so many do.

Countess. *(horrified.)* Monsieur!

De B. It's most likely; so the best thing you can do is to forget him.

Countess. Yes, you are right—'tis but a dream. And yet the slightest circumstance recalls it. Only last night we were in your box at the opera, when a most elegant and fashionable gentleman entered a box on the opposite side—he was a man of colour.

De B. Another mulatto?

Countess. Exactly; but a thousand times more graceful than all your young lords put together; and though he could not in any way be mixed up with the poor slave of St. Domingo, yet his appearance excited me, for he kept continually looking at me, and I felt my heart beat.

De B. Yes, exactly—his colour—the love of country—old recollections—a thousand things. Never mind, dear Cecile, marriage will dissipate these idle visions. I have your word—and when you are my son's wife—

Countess. Who could that distinguished stranger be?

Baron de Tourvel. *(outside.)* The devil take the Chevalier St. George!

De B. Thank Heaven! here's my son.

Enter the Baron de Tourvel, l. u. e., *in a hunting dress.*

Baron. (c.) Confound the fellow! he's always in my way.

* If the lady does not sing, the lines can be spoken through the music, piano, and introduced by "The words ran thus."

DE B. (R., *pointing to* COUNTESS.) Baron!

BARON. A thousand pardons, countess. I fear I have kept you waiting; but I was thinking of you, and—

COUNTESS. And cursing and swearing. I appear to have inspired you with most agreeable ideas.

BARON. All owing to that infernal Chevalier St. George.

DE B. What has he done?

BARON. What *hasn't* he done? The fellow was born to be my destruction. He has this moment, in spite of me, carried off—

COUNTESS. (L.) A lady?

BARON. No, a horse—a lovely thing. Only imagine, madame, a neck like Sophie Arnoulds—feet like little Guimard, and eyes—I never saw such eyes, (DE BOULOGNE *pinches him, he recollects.*) excepting yours.

COUNTESS. Oh, sir!

DE B. (*aside to him.*) What are you about?

BARON. That is, they were, as yours are, without comparison.

DE B. Good! I breathe again.

BARON. Lord Dumbleton promised to make a free gift of the horse to any man who could ride it. We all tried—de Lauzun, de Saubise, Lauraguais, myself—and vanity apart, I am one of the best horsemen in the world—and we were all thrown, myself among the number, when this infernal Chevalier St. George—this black prince, leaped on his back, turned him round quietly, and trotted him off like a lamb; and now, of course, the horse is his.

COUNTESS. The Chevalier de St. George's?

DE B. Yes, he of whom we were just speaking.

BARON. Have you ever seen him?

COUNTESS. Yes, last night at the opera.

DE B. He has the sort of face that once seen you can't easily forget.

BARON. He looks like a blot of ink on a snowball.

COUNTESS. But he has noble features, and most expressive eyes. What is he?

DE B. Oh, some adventurer.

BARON. By the most exact and authentic accounts that I can procure, nobody knows anything at all about him. One says that he is a rich Mexican; another that he is a ruined Portuguese; another that he is an Abyssinian prince; another that he is an Arabian runaway. But certainly he is the rage—the fashion; no fête is complete without him; the house of Orleans, and Madame de Montenon rave about him. Covered with embroidery from head to foot—the equal of Laclos in wit—of d'Eon in arms—he executes a sonata on his horsewhip, and dances the minuet better than Vestris. And if, with all this to back him, he doesn't become Prime Minister, 'twill be no fault of his.

DE B. (*aside—enraged.*) He is saying all he can in his favour.

COUNTESS. What accomplishments! what talents!

DE B. Oh, all exaggerated—all exaggerated, no doubt. Nobody ever yet saw a mulatto dressed, powdered, and perfumed. But I know the fellow to be a rake—a libertine.

BARON. Certainly, a libertine who sometimes has horribly good luck among the women.

COUNTESS. Indeed!

DE B. (*making a sign to* BARON *to hold his tongue.*) Yes, rich women.

BARON. (*not understanding.*) And very charming women, too, let me tell you. He has taken two or three from me.

COUNTESS. Baron!

DE B. (*aside to him.*) Hold your tongue, you fool!

BARON. (*recalling himself.*) No, I don't mean that—I mean that infernal horse that trots—in my head. I don't know what I'm saying; the fact is, fair lady, that love—my love for you—

COUNTESS. Made you fall from the horse this morning.

DE B. (*forcing a laugh.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha! Is the room ready?

FANCHETTE. (*entering* L.) Quite ready, monsieur.

DE B. Now, my dear Cecile, make your toilette for the chase. The baron will be your cavalier. I have some business in the neighbourhood.

COUNTESS. The Chevalier de St. George. All the world speaks of him—all the world knows him, and I must not be out of the fashion. (*aside, and exit with* FANCHETTE *into house,* L.)

DE B. Are you mad? before your future wife!

BARON. I'm afraid that I—

DE B. You made a fool of yourself. Remember that her fortune alone can extricate you from your difficulties.

BARON. (*impatiently.*) I can't help it—I'm furious. Only think—a fortnight ago I was running after the lovely little Guimard.

DE B. Guimard! A month ago it was Mademoiselle la Prairie.

BARON. Prairie! Oh, Prairie was passée, but Guimard—why I'd give a thousand pounds—that is, if I had them—to kiss the little feet as they glide over the ground; but the little wretch won't listen to me, and I hear that she has conceived a passion for this Chevalier de St. George, d——n him! They say she doats on him.

DE B. Never mind the Guimard. Take care he doesn't carry off your intended wife.

BARON. The Countess de Presle! What, has he any designs?

DE B. I don't know, but Madame de Presle seems to think about him. She has only seen him once, and that brought to her mind some recollections of infancy.

BARON. (*enraged.*) Curse the fellow! I won't put up with this, though. I'll settle it at once.

DE B. I forbid you. His skill as a duellist is so well known.

BARON. Yes, in practice with a buttoned foil; but in a duel he has never been tried—he has never yet been out. Now I have been out three times, and have been wounded three times.

DE B. (*drily.*) Exactly!

BARON. Oh, that was nothing—a mere accident! But if I can only, with one little thrust—(*fencing.*)

DE B. I forbid it. (*tenderly.*) You are my only son, and, rake

and libertine though you be, I love you—my dear boy. No, no—I'll find some other means of getting rid of him.

BARON. Other means?

Enter JOSEPH, *with a letter*, L. U. E.

JOSEPH. Monsieur the Comptroller-General, a man has left this packet for you.

DE B. (*opening it and taking out letter.*) The very thing!

BARON. What?

DE B. You shall know by-and-bye. (*aside.*) The chevalier shall sleep to-night in the Bastile. What a capital invention is a lettre-de-cachet. (*to* JOSEPH.) Where is the man who gave you this?

JOSEPH. At the Golden Sun.

DE B. (*aside.*) 'Tis the Exempt. Adieu, my son.

BARON. But explain how—

DE B. I've not time. (*aside.*) I must give him instructions. (*to* BARON.) Accompany the countess to the chase—do the amiable, the tender, and all that; I'll see that the chevalier annoys you no further. Follow me, Joseph.

[DE BOULOGNE *and* JOSEPH *exeunt*, L. U. E.

BARON. That's very easy to say. No, nothing but a duel will settle him. No, no, my ebony friend—my perfumed Othello, you walk off with La Guimard, and you think of carrying off my wife—that is to be. I'd give a thousand pounds—no, I've only got five-and-twenty in the world—no, I mean I'd promise a thousand pounds to have a meeting with him. Why here he comes, with his usual suite. Now I'll pick a quarrel with him.

Music, "Child of the Sun." Enter the CHEVALIER DE ST GEORGE; (*the* CHEVALIER *is of a dark, but not black, complexion,*) LA MORLIERE, DE LANGEAC, *and* HUNTSMEN, L. U. E.

ST. GEORGE. (*examining carriage.*) Surely 'tis the same. If I could only see her.

MORLIERE. Confound the dogs, to bring us to Rainçy.

ST. GEORGE. Never mind, if the scent is lost at present, we must start some other game. I can introduce you to the prettiest of landladies.

ALL. Where?

ST. GEORGE. Here. The wine is sour, but the hostess is sweet, and her husband is jealous.

MORLIERE. So much the better.

ST. GEORGE. Hollo! house—everybody! Some claret and champagne—the best, if you have any.

BARON. (*aside.*) There's a row! The prince himself couldn't give himself such airs. The ugly dog!

MORLIERE. (L. C.) St. George, don't you see—

ST. GEORGE. (C.) What?

MORLIERE. De Tourvel.

ST. GEORGE. Oh, yes. He's thinking of the fall he had from the horse.

MORLIERE. He hates you.

ST. GEORGE. The feeling is mutual.

MORLIERE. He believes you are his rival with little Guimard.

ST. GEORGE. He looks at the dark side of everything—my face included. (*all laugh*)

BARON. (R.) The puppy is laughing at me. (*going towards him determinedly.*) Monsieur le Chevalier!

ST. GEORGE. Ah! baron—don't you hunt to-day? No hurt, I hope, from that little accident this morning.

BARON. No, no—but I have two words to say to you.

ST. GEORGE. Now?

BARON. (*seeing* WAITER *bringing bottle and glasses.*) No—when you have refreshed yourself.

ST. GEORGE. When you please.

BARON. (*aside.*) Will he choose sword or pistol?

MORLIERE. (*aside to* ST. GEORGE.) What does he want?

ST GEORGE. Heaven knows. A thrust through the body as likely as not. (*drinking.*) What filthy stuff is this, rascal? I ordered champagne.

Enter FANCHETTE *from house,* L.

FAN. Less noise, gentlemen, if you please. We have a lady of quality upstairs.

ST. GEORGE. (*aside.*) 'Tis the countess! Ha! the divine Fanchette—the sweetest woman in the world. Gentlemen, allow me to present you to the Hebe of Rainçy—the wonder of the wood.

(CHEVALIER *and his party surround* FANCHETTE.

BARON. The abominable libertine! She is devilish pretty.

FAN. (*resisting.*) Now leave me alone.

ST. GEORGE. Perhaps, my angel, you object to my colour? you don't like a black adorer?

FAN. I'm afraid it will come off. (*feeling his face.*)

ST. GEORGE. No it won't—try.

(*he kisses her.* JULIEN *enters at the moment, his cap and apron on—a large ladle in his hand.*

JULIEN. Ha! Stop you, you whitey-brown. I desire you don't speak to my wife.

ST. GEORGE. (*kissing* FANCHETTE.) I'm not speaking to her.

JULIEN. (*furious.*) How dare you?

ST. GEORGE. (*kissing her.*) Not a single word.

JULIEN. } (*together.*) { Fire and brimstone!
FAN. } { Leave me alone!
BARON. } { Here'll be a row!

JULIEN. (*coming between.*) I can't stand this. (*seizing a sword from a* HUNTSMAN, *after throwing down his ladle.*) Hark'ye, I've been a dragoon. You've insulted me, and kissed my wife; defend yourself, or I'll spit you like a goose.

FAN. } (*together.*) { They are going to fight!
GENTS. } { Bravo, husband! bravo, dragoon!

ST. GEORGE. (*picking up the ladle.*) You really frighten me.

JULIEN. Rascal! (*lunging.*)

ST. GEORGE. (*parrying and hitting him.*) Take care, or I shall hit you.

JULIEN. I'll spit you. (*lunging.*)

ST. GEORGE. Not with such fencing as that. (*hitting him.*)

JULIEN. (*hurt.*) Oh!

ST. GEORGE. (*hitting him frequently.*) You will compel me to do it.

JULIEN. Oh! oh! oh! oh!

ST. GEORGE. You don't know how to hold your sword. (*hits him on the knuckles and knocks sword out of his hand*—JULIEN *shrieks.*—*All laugh.*)

BARON. (R., *aside.*) The devil! I won't choose the sword.

JULIEN. (L.) Oh, dear!

ST. GEORGE. All your own fault. I've soiled my gloves, all for a wretched little bottle washer.

JULIEN. (*furious.*) Bottle washer! I'll be revenged. Oh! Jean, my pistols. (*rushes into inn.*)

FAN. Pistols! Oh, monsieur, for heaven's sake—

ST. GEORGE. Don't be alarmed; I won't hurt him.

JULIEN. (*rushing in with pistols.*) Now, a duel to the death. These gentlemen will be our seconds.

GENTS. Willingly! Of course, &c.

JULIEN. Take your choice; they are half-loaded—and here are bullets.

ST. GEORGE. (*taking a pistol.*) Bullets! No—I might kill you. (*looking on the ground as if seeking something.*

JULIEN. What are you looking for?

ST. GEORGE. Oh, anything. Ah! (*picking up a nail.*) here's a nail—evidently from a horse's shoe.

JULIEN. A nail?

ST. GEORGE. With which I shall put out one of your eyes. (*putting nail into his pistol.*

JULIEN. Eh?

ST. GEORGE. Now which of your two eyes would you sooner lose, the right or the left?

JULIEN. Which eye?

ST. GEORGE. At fifty paces I'm sure to hit you. Which is it to be, the right or the left?

JULIEN. (*frightened.*) Right or left?

ST. GEORGE. Suppose we say the right—but I've no choice myself. Stop, you haven't got a sign. Don't move.

(*he takes Julien's nightcap, which he has dashed down in a rage on seeing* ST. GEORGE *kiss his wife, throws it into the air, aims at it, and nails it against the sign-board over the inn.*

ALL. Bravo! Capital!

BARON. (*aside.*) The devil! I won't choose the pistol.

COUNTESS. (*appears at inn window.*) What noise is that? (*seeing* CHEVALIER.) 'Tis he!

U. OF ILL. LIB.

ST. GEORGE. (*aside.*) She is there. I knew I'd make her show herself.

(MADAME, *who has only been seen by the* CHEVALIER *retires from window.*

JULIEN. I'm in a cold sweat! Supposing my head had been in that cap.

ST. GEORGE. You've got a sign, now have written, underneath, "the husband's nightcap." (*all laugh.*)

JULIEN. Can't I be revenged on anybody? Yes I can—on my wife! Go in, Madame Julien—I've something to say to you.

FAN. Of course, it's my turn now. (*runs off to inn.*)

JULIEN. (*following her.*) Go in.

BARON. What a butcher! I must take some more lessons before I fight him.

ST. GEORGE. (*turning to* BARON.) I believe, Baron, you wished to speak to me.

BARON. (*embarrassed.*) Oh, nothing—a mere trifle—any time will do! 'Twas only about the horse that—that—if you should like to part with him I should be most happy to—(*horn heard without.*) Hollo! The hunt is about to begin and the countess' horses have not yet arrived. I must go and see about them. Au revoir, chevalier. (*aside.*) It's no use going out to be killed to a certainty. [*Exit* BARON, L. H.

ST. GEORGE. Rather odd that he waited an hour to tell me that.

1ST. HUNTSMAN *enters from the back,* R.

1ST. HUNTSMAN. Gentlemen:—the stag has taken the high road.

ALL *but* ST. GEORGE. To horse—to horse!

(*horns without. They exeunt hastily. Horns gradually get more distant.*

ST. GEORGE. She comes. (*retiring.*)

Enter the COUNTESS *in riding-habit from inn.—Music, piano.*
"*Child of the Sun.*"

COUNTESS. A quarrel! Some accident, I fear. (*seeing* CHEVALIER.) Alone!

ST. GEORGE. (*advancing.*) Madame, I owe you a thousand apologies for the alarm I have occasioned you.

COUNTESS. I confess the sudden noise—

ST. GEORGE. Deign, madame, to accept my apologies.

COUNTESS. (*looking at him.*) No? It cannot be. (*aside.*)

ST. GEORGE. (*aside.*) How strangely she looks at me. You are about to join the hunt—may I summon your attendants.

COUNTESS. 'Twould be useless. Of the two cavaliers who were to have accompanied me—I don't even see one.

ST. GEORGE. I shall feel honoured by being permitted to replace them. Fear nothing, madame, I am of the prince's household, a position that would ensure you respect—did not the first sight of you command it?

COUNTESS. (*aside.*) The sound of his voice. If I am not mistaken, I am adressing the Chevalier de St. George?

ST. GEORGE. Yes, madame. *(smiling.)* Thanks to my colour, once seen, I am easily remembered.

COUNTESS. I never thought of that.

ST. GEORGE. Pray make no excuses, 'tis a pleasure to attract the attention of a lady, by any means—and such a lady. (*bowing.*) In far distant lands my dusky hue is a sign of slavery, but here, madame, in this free country, I would willingly surrender my liberty to the most charming lady of the court.

COUNTESS. You are given to compliment, I see. (*with intention.*) You are not, I believe, a native of France.

ST. GEORGE. (*quickly.*) No, madame, I am of a Portuguese family established in Peru.

COUNTESS. (*aside.*) It was but a dream, then.

ST. GEORGE. But you were about to join the chase—I am at your orders, madame.

COUNTESS. Really, Chevalier, the first time we have ever met—

ST. GEORGE. What of that, madame? If I am so far honoured by the Countess de Presle—

COUNTESS. (*quickly.*) You know me, then.

ST. GEORGE. (*correcting himself.*) I have heard your name, and —I—I have been told that—

COUNTESS. (*aside.*) Ah! he is embarrassed—I will know. (*aloud.*) But I do not see my horse.

ST. GEORGE. Mine are there, ready saddled.

COUNTESS. *(aside.)* I will penetrate this mystery. Well, Chevalier—

An EXEMPT *in a cloak enters from* L. U. E., *and watches* CHEVALIER.

ST. GEORGE. You accept—oh! happiness.

EXEMPT. (L. H. *touching him.)* Monsieur the Chevalier.

ST. GEORGE. (*still holding her hand.*) What do you want?

EXEMPT. One word!

ST. GEORGE. I've not time.

EXEMPT. 'Tis on the service of the prince.

ST. GEORGE. The prince! a thousand pardons, madame, but I must receive his highness' orders. My friend, the Marquis de Langeac, whom I see yonder, will do himself the honour of escorting you.

COUNTESS. But you will rejoin us.

ST. GEORGE. This instant. (*they salute, he takes her hand.*) I will return in one moment, sir. *(he leads her off,* R. U. E.

EXEMPT. I've got him. Where are you? (*his followers, all masked, show their heads over the hedge.*) Good! Now hide yourselves. (*they disappear.*) Hollo! postilion!

Enter JULIEN *from inn.*

JULIEN. What do you want?

EXEMPT. Post horses to that carriage.

JULIEN. That? It belongs to Monsieur de Boulogne.

EXEMPT. I know that.. He has lent it to me. Here is his order, (*giving letter.*) so be quick. 'Tis for an arrest by order of the king.

JULIEN. *(frightened.)* An arrest!

EXEMPT. Don't make faces. You look as if you had been drinking your own wine. 'Tis for the arrest of the Chevalier St. George.

JULIEN. The blackamoor? (*with joy.*) Capital! Oh, our good king! our great king! Long live the king! You shall have my best horses, and I'll drive myself.

EXEMPT. *(going to carriage, and opening door with key.)* Go and put your boots on.

JULIEN. Directly. I'll teach the coffee-coloured scoundrel how to insult an ex-trumpeter of the dragoons! Ho! harness the greys—my boots—my whip, ho! [*Exit into inn.*

Re-enter the CHEVALIER, R. U. E., *speaking as he enters.*

ST. GEORGE. In one instant, madame. Now, sir, your business?

EXEMPT. Follow me.

ST. GEORGE. Follow you! Where?

EXEMPT. To the Bastile.

ST. GEORGE. *(astounded.)* What? There must be some mistake. Do you know who I am?

EXEMPT. The Chevalier de St. George—Ranger of the forests belonging to his Highness the Duke of Orleans.

ST. GEORGE. And your orders are—

EXEMPT. To take you to the Bastile. *(showing warrant—signs to his followers, who appear at back.)* No resistance; you see we are prepared.

ST. GEORGE. Were there double the number, I'd trouble them and you into the bargain, if I chose; but the respect I owe the prince compels me to obey the orders of the king. *(aside.)* And the countess will be waiting for me—unfortunate!

EXEMPT. (*opening carriage door.*) Be kind enough to enter, Chevalier.

ST. GEORGE. After you, I beg.

EXEMPT. I know my duty better.

ST. GEORGE. You are very polite. (*getting into carriage.*) A man couldn't be arrested with more courtesy. I shall recommend you to my friends. (EXEMPT *closes carriage door, and locks it.*) What are you about?

EXEMPT. Locking the door—a slight precaution. Put to the horses—we shall be off in five minutes.

Enter MORLIERE *and* TWO HUNTSMEN, R. U. E.

MORLIERE. (R.) St. George! St. George! where are you?

ST. GEORGE. (*putting his head out of window.*) Who calls?

MORLIERE. What the devil are you doing there? Where are you going?

ST. GEORGE. To the Bastile, my dear boy.

MORLIERE. To the Bastile!

ST. GEORGE. Yes, and you can ride with me if you like. It's a return chaise.

MORLIERE. (*to* EXEMPT.) What's the meaning of all this? An officer of the prince going to the Bastile?

EXEMPT. (L.) We have our orders.

MORLIERE. (*in a passion.*) This is some trap. You're a set of scoundrels! 'Tis some private vengeance. (*drawing.*) Upon 'em, friends! (*they fight*—EXEMPT *drops the key.*)

EXEMPT *and* FOLLOWERS. } Rescue! Treason!

MORLIERE. *and* HUNTSMEN. } Rascals! Dogs! (*they fight them off*, R.)

ST. GEORGE. What madness! Morliere! Morliere! you'll get into some infernal scrape. He could beat the whole lot of them. He's one of my best pupils: but he was right, this must be some private vengeance. (*trying to open door.*) Locked! and nobody here. I wonder what I look like—the sign of the Saracen's head over a tavern door. What's that shining in the dark? the key of the carriage door—my friend, the officer, must have dropped it there. (*trying to reach it.*) No, my arm is not long enough. Who comes here? The Baron de Tourvel; if I could only—

DE TOURVEL *comes from* L. U. E.

BARON. These cursed horses have come at last. I'll see if the countess is ready. (*goes into inn.*)

ST. GEORGE. The countess! Oho! that's another reason. I'll do it.

DE TOURVEL *re-enters, stamping with vexation.*

BARON. Gone! Where? Which way? Oh! it's done on purpose.

ST. GEORGE. (*aloud.*) Oh, this is shameful! this is a trick—an outrage—an abominable ambuscade!

BARON. Ha! (*seeing him.*) Left the chase already, Chevalier? returning to Paris?

ST. GEORGE. Very much to my annoyance, my dear baron. The fact is, I'm a prisoner here.

BARON. A prisoner—pooh!

ST. GEORGE. It's a very serious thing for me.

BARON. Serious! What is it—some rival?

ST. GEORGE. Oh, no. It's a woman who is determined to carry me off.

BARON. A woman! (*aside.*) Impossible! the puppy! It never happened to me. (*aloud.*) How do you mean?

ST. GEORGE. Come here and I'll tell you. You know the little Guimard?

BARON. Guimard!

ST. GEORGE. She has conceived a passion for me.

BARON. (*aside.*) Perdition!

ST. GEORGE. Now I detest the sight of her—a long, lanky, yellow little devil!

BARON. Insolent! (*aside.*) He's a pretty fellow to talk of people's colour.

ST. GEORGE. More than twenty times she has invited me to a tête-à-tête supper, at her little house in the Rue des Marais, but I've always refused; and now, in a fit of despair, she has had me seized, that she may force me.

BARON. To sup with her?

ST. GEORGE. But I'll be even with her, for when I get there I won't eat a mouthful.

BARON. I wish to Heaven I were in your place!

ST. GEORGE. I wish to Heaven you were!

BARON. Will you give it up to me?

ST. GEORGE. With the greatest pleasure.

BARON. Delightful! but how shall we manage it?

ST. GEORGE. Nothing more easy. Pick up that key which one of my ravishers has let fall when they went away to order the horses. That's it—don't it fit the lock?

BARON. (*opening the door.*) Exactly.

ST. GEORGE. (*jumping out.*) A thousand thanks.

BARON. A thousand thanks to you.

ST. GEORGE. Now, quick—take my place.

BARON. With rapture—but stop, when she sees me, won't she find out the difference between black and white?

ST. GEORGE. Not at all. She is waiting for me in a dark little pavilion at the bottom of the garden. (*pushing him in.*)

BARON. (*getting into carriage.*) Now, my haughty Guimard, I come to triumph!

ST. GEORGE. Pull down the blinds. The ravishers are coming, and keep quite silent, that they may not hear the change of voice. Adieu, a pleasant journey. (*slipping behind hedge.*) Just in time.

(*horn without.*

Enter EXEMPT *and his* FOLLOWERS, R. U. E.

EXEMPT. Quick! or those fellows will get reinforcements. The huntsmen are all coming this way. Postilion!

JULIEN. (*entering from inn, booted, &c.*) Here!

EXEMPT. So the prisoner has pulled the blinds down. Perhaps he's asleep.

DE BOULOGNE *enters*, R. U. E.

DE. B. All right—he's caught, and he shan't re-appear in Paris till my son is married.

The COUNTESS DE PRESLE, MORLIERE, *and* HUNTSMEN, *enter* R. U. E.

EXEMPT. Now, postilion!

MORLIERE. (*to* COUNTESS.) He is taken prisoner—sent to the Bastile.

COUNTESS. Great Heaven! the Bastile?

ST. GEORGE. *(coming behind the* COUNTESS*—to her and* HUNTSMEN.) Fear nothing—I am here!

COUNTESS. Here!—Who then—

ST. GEORGE. A friend of mine has taken my place inside. Hush!

EXEMPT. *(mounting coach-box.)* Postilion!

JULIEN. *(jumping on box, after taking a parting glass.)* Ready!

EXEMPT. To the Bastile! (JULIEN *cracks whip—horns sound—coach drives off* L. U. E.—*Picture.* DE BOULOGNE, L. C., *looking after the coach;* COUNTESS C.; ST. GEORGE *surrounded by* HUNTSMEN *suppressing their laughter* L. C.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A handsome apartment furnished a la Louis 16th. Doors* R., L., *and* C. *Music stand and guitar, harp,* L. H. *Toilette table to be taken off,* R. 2 E.

The COUNTESS DE PRESLE *discovered,* R., *a* MAID *dressing her hair—* DE BOULOGNE *seated by her.*

COUNTESS. Sign the contract to-night!

DE B. Yes, the notary is informed, and in two hours—

COUNTESS. Impossible! you know I have a soiree musicale.

DE B. All the better—in so large an assembly no one will have the slightest suspicion, and as you wish it to be kept secret—

COUNTESS. No such thing—'twas you who wished it.

DE B. Entirely on your account. *(aside.)* And that of my son whose creditors' clamours are becoming unbearable.

COUNTESS. But my dear Monsieur de Boulogne, a ceremony so odd—so—

DE B. *(aside.)* Has that cursed Chevalier already made an impression on her.

COUNTESS. To-morrow, or the day after, there is no hurry.

DE B. Impossible, my dear Cecile, it must be to-night.

COUNTESS. Why?

DE B. I happened to mention the affair to his majesty and he condescended to express his wish to sign the contract to-night.

COUNTESS. To-night!

DE B. *(indifferently)* Yes, at the very same time that he has consented to sign that of the Chevalier de St. George.

COUNTESS. *(rising.)* The Chevalier! Is he about to marry?

(the ATTENDANT *goes off* L. *door.*

DE B. So they say. (*aside.*) He is fast under lock and key, so he can't contradict me.

COUNTESS. And with whom?

DE B. Some English heiress, I was told. (*aside.*) I may as well set the rumour afloat.

COUNTESS. (*with emotion.*) Is she handsome?

DE B. I'm sure I don't know, I never thought of inquiring.

COUNTESS. No, nor I—I—but 'tis very odd—I can't make out what people mean by talking about no one but the Chevalier de St. George. You were quite right—let there be no delay, since the king has graciously expressed his wish, and as you have my word, let the contract be signed to-night.

DE B. Victory! (*aside.*) My dear Cecile—

COUNTESS. But I should like to see my husband, that is to be.

DE B. I'll send him to you, if I can find him. (*aside.*) Where the devil is he hiding himself? (*to her.*) He is purchasing bouquets and presents for you. (*aside.*) And running into debt for them. He has exquisite taste. (*aside.*) Phew! I've had to do all the courting for the rascal, perhaps the next thing will be, he'll want me to marry her for him into the bargain.

[*Exit* DE BOULOGNE, C. *and* L.

COUNTESS. (*after a pause.*) So he is about to marry—well, what is that to me? A man I never met but once, and when the force of childish recollection—but yet when I compare him to the baron—his grace—his wit—his courage—

The LADY'S MAID *enters* L. *door.*

MAID. Madame, he is here.

COUNTESS. He—who?

MAID. Monsieur de St. George's valet—the man you wished to see!

COUNTESS. 'Tis useless now—yet, let him enter, and if any one should call, let me know directly.

(MAID *beckons on* PLATO, *who enters,* L. *door, looking at the furniture. She then goes off,* C. *and* L.

PLATO. What a fine place! it must belong to a duchess, or a dancer.

COUNTESS. (*seated* R.) Approach, my good friend.

PLATO. (*aside.*) When one's in the service of a man of fashion one sees nothing but people of fashion.

COUNTESS. I believe you are in the service of the Chevalier de St. George?

PLATO. Madame, I am—I am his valet—his confidential valet.

COUNTESS. Don't you remember me?

PLATO. (*looks at her.*) I have not that honour.

COUNTESS. I remember you—your name is Plato.

PLATO. (*astonished.*) Plato, it is.

COUNTESS. You were head overseer of the slaves on the estate of Madame de Sassenaye, my mother.

PLATO. Your mother, madame? Yes, now I look again it is you. (*aproaching her.*) The same sweet face—the same lovely smile.

COUNTESS. (*giving her hand which he kisses.*) You see I have not forgotten you.

PLATO. (*wiping his eyes.*) Ah! I fancy myself again on the estate at St. Domingo. There I was in all my glory—a splendid place—four hundred negroes to superintend every day and thrash every hour. Those were happy days—how my arm used to ache! for I never would allow them to be thrashed by deputy. Poor dears! how they must have lamented my loss.

COUNTESS. No, not much.

PLATO. Oh yes, they did, for negroes are like mangoes, to preserve them you must pickle 'em; now things are turned inside out, the whites wait upon the blacks. Master rides inside the carriage, and I ride behind—me! Plato! but, thank Heaven, Plato is a philosopher.

COUNTESS. Is he then, a bad master?

PLATO. He! he's an angel, of the colour of coffee; when I happen to knock down a pet piece of porcelain while dressing his hair, instead of knocking me down, as a white master would do, he says, "Plato, had a negro done that, how many lashes would you have given him?" I always answer him conscienciously, the exact number I *should* have given a negro, in the good old times; at the end of the month he gives me a little account that generally comes to about three thousand seven hundred and eighty lashes due to me from him. Instead of giving me them, he slips three or four francs into my hand and says "'Tis lucky for you, Plato, that the negroes don't carry the whip, or they'd flay you alive." There's a master for you! I'd go through fire and water for him—(*aside.*) if I thought I shouldn't hurt myself.

COUNTESS. From whence does all his money come?

PLATO. I don't know.

COUNTESS. Is he generous?

PLATO. As a prince! he often sends money to the colonies, by the Governor of St. Domingo.

COUNTESS. St. Domingo! perhaps then—(*aside.*) Do you know the lady he is about to marry?

PLATO. Eh?

COUNTESS. Come, make no secret of it, he mentioned it to me himself. The king is about to witness the contract.

PLATO. (*struck by a sudden thought.*) That, then, accounts for his looking at a miniature every night of his life.

COUNTESS. A miniature?

PLATO. Yes, and as he looks at it, the tears come into his eyes.

COUNTESS. Of course it is the miniature of a lady?

PLATO. I can't say. I have never seen it—he keeps it in a drawer.

COUNTESS. Could you procure me a sight of it, unknown to him?

PLATO. Eh?

COUNTESS. Only for an instant; he will not know.

PLATO. What, betray his confidence? Perhaps then he would give me the three thousand seven hundred and eighty lashes he has owed me so long.

COUNTESS. 'Tis only a simple motive of curiosity, *(forcing herself to smile.)* because he refused to tell me the name of his intended, and I've laid a wager that I would find it out, and I don't wish to lose. *(caressingly.)* You'll not refuse your little mistress, will you, Plato?

PLATO. *(enchanted.)* Refuse you! Ask me to jump off the tower of Notre Dame, and I'd do it—*(aside.)* if I thought I shouldn't hurt myself.

COUNTESS. Bring it me, and I'll give you a hundred louis.

PLATO. A hundred louis! *(reflecting.)* My master's secret in one hand, and a hundred louis in the other; a fool of a nigger might refuse—I shall accept.

LADY'S MAID *runs in* C. *from* L.

MAID. *(aside to her.)* The Chevalier de St. George is coming up stairs.

COUNTESS. The Chevalier! You must leave me now; I expect visitors. Show him out by that door, (R). If you can find the miniature, come directly—no matter at what hour. If I am engaged, I will depute some one to receive you.

PLATO. *(aside.)* But I shall depute no one to receive the hundred louis; I'll receive them in propria personæ.

COUNTESS. Quick! [*Exit* PLATO *and* MAID, R. D. So, I shall see her picture, at least. But what can bring him here?

Music, piano, "*Child of the Sun.*" SERVANT, *from* C. *and* L., *announces,* "The Chevalier de St. George."—*Enter the* CHEVALIER, *in a rich court suit.*

COUNTESS. *(curtseying distantly.)* Monsieur!

ST. GEORGE. Countess, I owe a thousand apologies for this intrusion, but I have waited on you with this invitation from Madame de Montesson, for her ball to-morrow. *(giving letter.)*

COUNTESS. *(aside.)* That is but a pretext. *(puts note on toilette table.)*

ST. GEORGE. May I, at the same time, inquire after your health? You do not seem well?

COUNTESS. Not entirely; but I fear that you will find me very bad company, and you had much better go where you are so anxiously expected.

ST. GEORGE. *(astonished.)* Anxiously expected! Where, madame? By whom?

COUNTESS. By your intended wife.

ST. GEORGE. My intended wife!

COUNTESS. Yes. The report is, that you are going to be married.

ST. GEORGE. Is it, indeed? 'Tis the first I have heard of it. I hope they will send me a card of invitation, at all events.

COUNTESS. *(rising.)* Chevalier!

ST. GEORGE. *(seriously.)* You have been deceived, madame. I am not about to marry; I never shall marry.

COUNTESS. (*altering her manner.*) Indeed! Be seated, I beg of you.

ST. GEORGE. I fear that I am intruding. Your health?

COUNTESS. Oh, I'm much better, now. Pray sit down: I've a thousand things to say to you—a favour to ask of you. (*they sit near each other.*)

ST. GEORGE. A favour, madame? I dared not hope for such an honour—command me.

COUNTESS. By the way, your adventure of this morning—that friend of yours who went to the Bastile in your place? Such devotion!

ST. GEORGE. To tell the truth, he didn't know exactly where he was going.

COUNTESS. Indeed!

ST. GEORGE. He believed that the carriage would conduct him to the house of a lady.

COUNTESS. Oh, chevalier, what a trick! Poor fellow! do I know him?

ST. GEORGE. Pardon me, if I conceal his name—'twould be a breach of friendship.

COUNTESS. Friendship! for shame! But let me speak of the favour you are kind enough to promise me. By-the-bye, you told me that you were born—

ST. GEORGE. In Brazil.

COUNTESS. (*watching him.*) No; you told me that you were of a Portuguese family settled in Peru.

ST. GEORGE. (*bothered.*) Yes, yes. Brazil — Peru; we have property in both places, and their proximity, naturally—

COUNTESS. Of course. I understand that you have some influence with the Governor of St. Domingo? I wish to obtain, through him, information respecting the fate of an unfortunate young man, whom I knew in infancy.

ST. GEORGE. A young man, in whom you feel interested?

COUNTESS. Oh, yes.

ST. GEORGE. (*aside.*) What do I hear?

COUNTESS. (*aside.*) He started! He was one of my mother's slaves. He fled from our estate, because an outrage and an insult were offered him—an insult which cost me many tears.

ST. GEORGE. (*aside.*) Can this be true?

COUNTESS. I have never forgotten him—I loved him so dearly.

ST. GEORGE. *(starting.)* What! you the brilliant Countess de Presle, loved—(*changing his manner.*) oh, yes—you loved him, of course, as one loves a plaything—a toy—a spaniel, that, when tired of, one replaces by some other favourite.

COUNTESS. Possibly, in infancy; but had I seen him since, I can't tell how I should have loved him.

ST. GEORGE. (*with joy.*) What say you?

COUNTESS. (*aside.*) He will betray himself.

St. George. You think that had you seen him since—

Countess. My ideas are, perhaps, somewhat singular; but when I see a noble soul proved in misfortune, crushed beneath the weight of conventional disdain and unjust humiliation, my heart feels for him—yearns towards him. (*observing him.*) I fear that poor Camille—

St. George. (*aside.*) Camille!

Countess. Alone and in his dispair, abandoned by even hope, may have stooped to commit—

St. George. (*rising, and with energy.*) Crime? Never!

Countess. (*rising.*) Why how should you know?

St. George. (*recovering himself.*) I—I—I merely supposed that he who once had merited your esteem, would be incapable of either forgetting or dishonouring it.

Countess. (*aside.*) 'Tis he! Chevalier, you seem moved?

St. George. (*with emotion.*) I avow it, madame, for I also had a friend in childhood, a sister—a dear sister; and the dream of my life has been that some day I might tell her how much I loved her—how one look of hers had inspired my soul with love, with pride, with hope. Oh! I think I see her now; I hear her voice; she says again, "I watch over thee"—(*recovering himself.*) Pardon me, madame—but these recollections—

Countess. (*rushing to him.*) It must be—Camille!

St. George. Um!

Countess. (*with animation.*) Yes, this emotion—those features! Oh, for Heaven's sake, one word; tell me, Camille—tell me that 'tis you!

St. George. Camille—me, madame?

Countess. Yes; and this friend—this dear sister—

St. George. Is dead, madame! I have lost her for ever.

Countess. (*falling into chair.*) Dead! Great Heaven?

St. George. (*running to her aid.*) Madame!

Countess. (*after a pause.*) 'Tis nothing, chevalier, nothing. The favour I would ask of you is, to remit to Camille, if he yet live, this paper—my last proof of affection and remembrance. I have signed it since my mother's death; he will see, at all events, that I have not forgotten him.

St. George. (*who has read paper.*) Great powers! such an act! (*throwing himself at her feet.*) such generosity! Madame, with you I will have no disguise; to you, and to you only, I will avow——S'death!

Enter De Boulogne, c. *from* l.

De B. (l. c.) The black! The devil! I thought he was in the Bastile!

Countess. (r., *trying to smile.*) The Chevalier de St. George, monsieur.

De B. Oh, yes—I see him quite plainly; and I thought I saw him—

Countess. At my feet? so you did. He brought me this invi-

tation from Madame de Montesson, which he was, with his accustomed gallantry, supplicating that I should accept; you entered as brusquely as if you were my husband, and I—I—

ST. GEORGE. I hope, Monsieur de Boulogne, that you will join your entreaties to mine, and decide the lady to accept the invitation.

DE B. (*bothered.*) I—I—I'm astonished to see—that is, I mean that I—I was told that you were about to absent yourself from Paris for a short time.

ST. GEORGE. (*aside.*) So—so, 'tis to him I owe my attempted imprisonment. (*aloud.*) Yes, 'twas true. By this time I ought to be in the Bastile.

DE B. Impossible! If so, who would dare to prevent it?

ST. GEORGE. Oh, some kind friend, who wished to preserve my complexion from the heat of the sun.

DE B. And what did you do?

ST. GEORGE. Got that friend to take my place

DE B. No?

ST. GEORGE. Yes!

DE B. (*laughing, despite his vexation.*) Capital!

COUNTESS. (*laughing.*) Excellent, is it not?

DE B. (*laughing.*) Glorious! (*all laugh.*)

ST. GEORGE. So it is! I fancy I see his face now!

DE B. (*laughing immoderately.*) Ha! ha! the blockhead! (*aside.*) Where is that son of mine? how this would amuse him.

ST. GEORGE. To say nothing of the particular directions given for my disposal.

DE B. Yes, the poor devil would come in for all that! (*they all laugh. aside.*) I really cannot get into a passion. Where the deuce can that boy of mine be? This infernal chevalier will get a footing here. (*aloud.*) Your guests are all arriving, countess. (*aside.*) That's a hint for him to go.

ST. GEORGE. (*aside.*) I shall not avail myself of his delicate suggestion. (*goes round to* R.)

DE B. (*aside.*) He don't seem to understand. (*aloud.*) We won't detain the chevalier, who, doubtless has business—

COUNTESS. (C.) I dare hardly ask him to join us; but if he has no better invitation—(*aside to* ST. GEORGE.) Stay!

ST. GEORGE. (*enraptured—aside.*) What? (*aloud.*) I shall be but too happy. (*bantering* DE BOULOGNE.) Besides, Monsieur de Boulogne is so pressing, there is really no resisting him. (*goes up.*

DE. B. Me! The devil take him. (*to* COUNTESS.) You won't ask him?

COUNTESS. Politeness compels me—besides, we shall want gentlemen for I don't see the count.

DE B. He is coming. (*aside.*) Hang the boy! I suppose he's behind the scenes at the opera making love to some singing queen or dancing goddess.

ST. GEORGE. (*aside—laughing at* DE BOULOGNE.) Poor devil! I almost pity him.

Music. *Enter* LADIES *and* GENTLEMEN, C. *from* L., COUNTESS *receives them*; FOOTMEN *remove toilette*, R.; GUESTS *sit.*

DE B. (C.) Well, ladies, what is the latest news? the last bon mot? the freshest bit of scandal?

ST. GEORGE. (L.) Oh! there are some capital stories of the son of a very rich financier who is ruining himself by running after a figurante at the opera. I'll tell you all about—

DE B. (*coughing and interrupting.*) Ah, yes, we've heard all about that.

ST. GEORGE. But what has become of you son, Monsieur de Boulogne? Why isn't he here? He promised to come—he shouldn't break his word with a lady.

DE B. Monsieur!

ST. GEORGE. (*to him.*) Take my word for it, little Guimard the dancer, will play him falsely.

DE B. Monsieur! (*recollecting himself.*) Suppose we have some music?

ST. GEORGE. With pleasure. (*taking the guitar.*)

DE B. Eh? No! The devil! I—I wanted my son to play to-night. (*aside.*)

ST. GEORGE. (*with guitar in his hand.*) This is your son's guitar, I'm told, monsieur. (*striking cord.*)

DE B. Eh? Yes—I—or suppose we dance—that is—with the countess' permission—eh? The minuet.

COUNTESS. I should be most happy—but your son engaged me for his partner, and without a partner—

DE B. (*aside.*) Where the devil is the boy?

ST. GEORGE. Madame, I am not much of a dancer, but if you will favour me so far—(COUNTESS *accepts.*)

DE B. Confound it, where *is* that son of mine?

The BARON *rushes on in great confusion,* (*in the same costume as in Act* 1), C. *from* L., *a whip in his hand.*

ALL. Good Heavens! What's the matter? &c., &c.

COUNTESS. What a state!

DE B. What a dress!

BARON. Dress! How do you expect a man to dress in prison.

COUNTESS. Prison.

BARON. Yes!

DE B. Where have you been, sir! Fron whence do you!

BARON. (C.) From whence? From the Bastile!

ALL. The Bastile!

DE B. (L. C.) What? Was it you? (*aside.*) The devil.

COUNTESS. (*laughing immoderately.*) What, Baron—was it you?

BARON. Yes, it was me. Well, their method of condoling with me on my misfortune is charming!—Yes, the Bastile! very funny isn't it? very! Ha! ha! Oh, if I could find the traitor. (*seeing* ST. GEORGE.) Here!

ST. GEORGE. (L.) Good evening, Baron, I hope you had a pleasant journey.

BARON. Sir! you ought to blush.

ST. GEORGE. Sir! I wish I could! but, alas, nature has rendered that impossible.

BARON. Such infamous conduct—

COUNTESS. Gentlemen—

DE B. *(to* BARON.) Hold you tongue.

BARON. I won't! Everybody shall know how I've been treated.

ST. GEORGE. As you please.

DE B. Hold your tongue.

BARON. I won't.

ST. GEORGE. Go on, Baron, go on.

BARON. Ladies and gentlemen! this morning, I saw the Chevalier de St. George seated in a carriage—he told me that he was going in it, to meet a certain lady, for whom I have a—*(seeing the eyes of the* COUNTESS *fixed upon him—stops—aside.)* Oh! the devil!

ST. GEORGE. Go on, my dear Baron, go on, don't stop half-way,

COUNTESS. Go on, Baron—a certain lady, for whom you have a—

DE B. Oh, lord!

BARON. No, no, it was he—who—when I—when he—when we—I—he—both of us—

COUNTESS. Did you go to the Bastile to meet the lady!

(all laugh

ST. GEORGE. You don't tell the whole story, Baron; allow me. You must know, ladies and gentlemen—

BARON. No, no, no! never mind! it's useless to—I'm—I'm quite satisfied—perfectly satisfied.

ST. GEORGE. Oh, if *you* are satisfied—I am—*I* am. *(goes up.)*

BARON. It was a wager, and the chevalier won, and I'll pay him shortly. *(aside.)* I hope.

DE B. There, there, that's all settled; now for the minuet.

BARON. The minuet. *(putting down his whip.)* Countess, I believe that for the first dance—*(advancing.)*

ST. GEORGE. *(coming between them.)* I beg your pardon.

BARON. Eh?

COUNTESS. You were not here, Baron, and as monsieur was gallant enough to ask my hand for the dance—

ST. GEORGE. Madame honoured me by accepting it—besides, after the fatigue and excitement of your journey you must need repose.

COUNTESS. You took *his* place this morning—he now takes *yours.*

(Music. ST. GEORGE *leads* COUNTESS *off,* C. *and* R. *All Exeunt but* DE BOULOGNE *and* BARON.

BARON. I'm completely dumbfoundered! What the devil does it all mean?

DE B. Mean! why that you fell into the trap I laid for the chevalier; and, if you don't take care he'll supplant you with the countess.

BARON. (*walking about.*) Confound him ! 'tis war to the knife between us.

DE B. Luckily she has given her word—and the notary once here, and the contract signed—

BARON. Signed, and that fellow is now dancing with my wife. (*minuet heard without.*) And—devil take him—dancing beautifully.

DE B. I'll run and keep my eye on them while you change your dress—oaf ! he is dancing like Vestris. (*looking off.*) Now I've not only to make love for another, but I've to be jealous for another into the bargain—he takes her hand again—she smiles—whew ! I'm in a cold perspiration. [*Exit* DE BOULOGNE C. *and* R.

BARON. Change my dress ; and while I'm changing, I leave that mahogany-visaged scoundrel to make love to my wife. But I'll be revenged, spite of his address with sword and pistol—spite of death, I'll be revenged !

PLATO *enters at side door,* R., *with great precaution.*

PLATO. That's the door I went out at.

BARON. Who's this ?

PLATO. I must be careful. Hollo ! who's that ? The steward, I suppose, or one of the footmen ! Hist !

BARON. Who the devil is he ? There is an air of mystery—

PLATO. Here, friend !

BARON. Friend !

PLATO. I want to speak to the countess.

BARON. To the countess !

PLATO. (*communicatively.*) Yes, something about the Chevalier de St. George.

BARON. The chevalier ! It's not possible—she has company.

PLATO. I know she has ; but she told me that if she could not see me herself, she would depute some one—

BARON. (*quickly.*) Ah, yes—'tis I. I have been waiting for you.

PLATO. I thought so. See what it is to be a man of tact. (*self-satisfied.*) A fool of a negro would have made a thousand blunders, while I drop at once upon the very man. You've got to pay me a hundred louis.

BARON. The devil I have ! (*giving purse.*) There are twenty-five. (*aside.*) The last I've got. Come with me, and I'll give you the rest.

PLATO. All right. (*whispering.*) I've got it.

BARON. Have you ? (*imitating him.*) What have you got ?

PLATO. (*whispering.*) You know.

BARON. (*the same.*) Of course I do. (*aside.*) What is he talking about ?

PLATO. (*whispering.*) At first, I couldn't open the drawer.

BARON. (*the same.*) Couldn't you, really ? (*aside.*) What a pity !

PLATO. At last I got at the miniature.

BARON. (*aside.*) She has given him her portrait.

PLATO. And now we shall see who he's going to marry.

(*giving* BARON *a small green leather case.*

BARON. (*opening case.*) What have we here—a black woman?

PLATO. A black woman?

BARON. And a devilish good-looking woman, too. Well, 'twill be a good match—both black as the devil.

PLATO. (*looking at it.*) Why—stop—it is—yes. (*aside.*) It's Noémie, the mother of little Camille.

BARON. Do you know who it is?

PLATO. Yes, I do; but if I told, it would be master's ruin.

BARON. (*quickly.*) What?

PLATO. So give it me back, and—(*about to take it.*)

BARON. (*pocketing it.*) No, no, you don't leave me so. (*aside.*) I think I see my revenge at last.

PLATO. I'll run and—

BARON. No, no—(*holding him.*) follow me.

PLATO. (*astonished.*) Where to?

BARON. To my hotel, close by—to receive your money. Tell me all you know, and I'll give you a hundred louis—a thousand louis—what you like.

PLATO. But—

BARON. No words—quick! follow me.

PLATO. A thousand louis! This is what it is to be a man of tact.

BARON. Come! [*they exeunt at side door,* R.

Applause heard outside. Enter all the party, C. *from* R.

ST. GEORGE. I can't get a word in for that infernal comptroller. (*approaching* COUNTESS; DE BOULOGNE *presents her with her fan.*)

The NOTARY *enters,* C. *from* L.

COUNTESS. (*drily.*) Thank you!

DE B. The Notary has arrived.

COUNTESS. (*aside.*) And I have given my word.

DE B. And now let us sign the contract. (SERVANTS *advance the table to* R. C.)

ST. GEORGE. The contract!

COUNTESS. (*aside.*) What shall I do? The king desires it.

ST. GEORGE. I see—how can I prevent—

DE B. I'll sign first. (*he signs, then holds out the pen without looking.*) And now my son—no doubt you are burning with impatience. (*turning round, and finding* BARON *gone.*) Why where the devil is he now?

COUNTESS. What! gone?

DE B. No; he's only in the next room. Confound the boy! (*aside.*) Ah! here he is.

COUNTESS. Then all hope is lost.

Enter BARON C. *from* L.

BARON. (*aside.*) I know enough—and, after my marriage, I will take a bitter vengeance.

DE B. Sign—quick, my son. (BARON *signs.*)

ST. GEORGE. (*taking up guitar mechanically, and playing.*) What can I do?

BARON. (*offering her the pen.*) Now, fairest lady. (*aside.*) I triumph!

ST. GEORGE. (L., *sings the song the* COUNTESS *sang in the first Act. When the actor who plays the part does not sing, the air, "Child of the Sun," can be played on the guitar, and the words spoken.*)—

Farewell! I cannot live for thee,
Then take my latest sigh;
My greatest privilege must be,
To love thee, and to die.

COUNTESS. I was not deceived. (*agitated.*) That song! (*aloud.*) I will not sign. (*all the guests approach.*)

BARON. How?

DE B. Madame!

ST. GEORGE. I breathe again!

DE B. You gave your word, and—

COUNTESS. No matter. (*looking at* ST. GEORGE, *who watches her.*) Since then, I have seen your son; I know his character; I have reflected; I am my own mistress—no one has a right to constrain or dictate to me; and, I repeat it, I will not sign.

(*throwns down the pen.*

BARON. (*watching them.*) I see their mutual glances—I see his air of triumph. (*aloud.*) As you please, madame, we do not wish to force you, but before we take our leave, I will make known the noble rival to whom you have sacrificed me.

(*pointing to* ST. GEORGE.

ST. GEORGE. (*seizing whip which* BARON *has left on a chair.*) Monsieur!

BARON. (*coolly.*) I know that you are clever with the whip; you were brought up to it from infancy.

COUNTESS. (R.) Baron!

BARON. Yes, ladies, you see before you a wretched slave, escaped from our colonies, that he might avoid the punishment of crime, who has dared to introduce himself to our court, and to society, to which he had no right to aspire, even in his proper character of lackey.

ST. GEORGE. (L.) Wretch! (*he is withheld by others.*)

COUNTESS. Gentlemen, in my house—

DE B. (R. C.) My son—

ST. GEORGE. You shall account to me for this.

BARON. (C.) To you! a slave! I only fight *my equals!* to be sure if you were a free man, I might honour you by crossing steel with you, but as it is—the Baron de Tourvel cannot meet the mulatto slave, Camille, the son of Noémie.

DE B. (*falling in chair,* R.) The son of Noémie!

BARON. Dog of a slave—(*striking him with his gloves, and crossing* L.) you are honoured by receiving that. (*they withhold them.*)

COUNTESS. For Heaven's sake—

BARON. Ask if he dares deny what I have said?

ST. GEORGE. (C.) No! I own it, you have spoken truly! but Camille, the son of Noémie, whom you suppose a slave, *is free. (showing paper given him by the* COUNTESS.) He has received his liberty from this—the most gracious of hands. You said, that were I not a slave you would not disdain to cross steel with me, you said so—read. (*giving paper.*) If you are not a coward you will meet me.

BARON. (L.—*with mad rage.*) I will—I will.

ST. GEORGE. Enough, to-morrow—at daybreak. Remember, it's a duel—to the death.—(*Picture.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Apartment at the Chevalier's. Doors,* C., R., *and* L. *Foils—paintings tastefully displayed; tables, chairs, &c.*

ST. GEORGE *discovered at table,* R. C. *He rings bell—a* SERVANT *enters* C. *from* L.; *he gives him letters.*

ST. GEORGE. These to their addresses. [*Exit* SERVANT, C. *and* L.] Six o'clock, and yet no visitor. A duel!—I who thought myself above all insult—who had sworn that my hand should never again be raised against a fellow-man—no matter; it must be so. The audacious upstart who dared dishonour me in the eyes of the woman I love, shall not live another day. (*throwing himself into arm-chair.*) And she—oh! what will she think? Who's there?

Enter PLATO, *in despair,* C. *from* L.

PLATO. (L. C.) It's me—no, it's not me; it's a wretch—a fool—a villain! Oh, I'm in such a rage.

ST. GEORGE. With whom?

PLATO. Why with myself: 'tis I who am the cause of all. Why a fool of a nigger would have known ten times better, and I—I—henceforth, I despise the whole of the white race, in my own proper person.

ST. GEORGE. Did you give my letter to the baron?

PLATO. Yes, and it almost made me jump out of my skin when I recognised the rascal who had wormed the secret out of me. I was in such a rage; I think I could have killed him—in fact, I was going to strangle him, if he hadn't kicked me down stairs, before I had time to do it.

ST. GEORGE. He was right. Why did you meddle?

PLATO. Why did I meddle? (*kneeling.*) Oh, sir, kick me—crush me—kill me—do something to me, and you'll rid me of an enormous burthen.

ST. GEORGE. (*crossing* L.) Enough! What said the baron?

PLATO. That in an hour's time he'd send his second.

ST. GEORGE. Another hour! Have you seen La Morliere?

PLATO. He was asleep; but when I told him you were going to fight a duel, he burst into a fit of laughter, and got up and dressed himself as if he were going to a party of pleasure.

ST. GEORGE. He comes. (*listening.*)

PLATO. I'll wait below. (*aside.*) If the baron presents himself, I'll thrash him as I used to thrash the niggers in the dear old times at St. Domingo. [*Exit* PLATO, C. *and* L.

Enter MORLIERE, *in uniform*, C. *from* L.

ST. GEORGE. A thousand thanks, dear Morliere.

MORLIERE. I deserve them for getting up at such an early hour of the morning; why I didn't get to bed till four. Is the affair serious?

ST. GEORGE. It is.

MORLIERE. So much the better. 'Tis a long time since you've given me a lesson. (*lying on sofa*, R.) By-the-bye, you didn't come to the Duchess de Villequier's last night—we'd a charming evening. Swords or pistols?

ST. GEORGE. I know not yet.

MORLIERE. A splendid supper, and some very high play afterwards. Who are you going to fight with?

ST. GEORGE. The Baron de Tourvel.

MORLIERE. (*laughing.*) The man who went to the Bastile in your place—my particular aversion. I'm glad of it. You are sure to kill him. He had better pay his funeral expences beforehand.

Enter PLATO, *mysteriously*, C. *from* L.

PLATO. Sir, there's a lady below—a lady in a veil—

ST. GEORGE. Eh?

PLATO. Who insists on speaking to you.

ST. GEORGE. At six in the morning.

MORLIERE. Aha! a duel of another description. You don't want a second in this affair. (*going.*)

ST. GEORGE. (*stopping him.*) I beg that you will remain. I assure you I know not who it is.

MORLIERE. My dear chevalier, you forget I've had no breakfast: I can't fight on an empty stomach. As for your fair unknown—

PLATO. Here she is. I may as well go, for there is no harm in a woman. [PLATO *exits* C. *and* L.; MORLIERE, R. *door.*

COUNTESS *enters*, C. *from* L.

COUNTESS. (L. C., *throwing back her veil.*) I feared I should be too late.

St. George. (r. c.) You, madame—you here! so pale, and in alarm. *(offering chair.)*

Countess. No; I have no time to spare. My carriage waits for me. I am about to leave Paris for ever.

St. George. Leave Paris?

Countess. For those scenes of quiet and retirement I never should have quitted.

St. George. But why?

Countess. Why! Did not your quarrel take place in my house? A woman's reputation is soon lost.

St. George. What slanderous vipers dare attack—

Countess. No matter. We cannot condemn society to silence. But before I go, I come to implore you, by all that you hold dear, to let this matter go no further.

St. George. What, madame, would you have me allow such an outrage to pass unpunished?

Countess. Do not deceive yourself, chevalier. A duel, no matter what its issue, cannot repair the injury committed. I speak not of myself—of my name compromised in the affair—of the lives of those engaged in the combat—of the wretched fate of her on whom society would lay the death of him who falls—I speak to you only of yourself. If you survive this duel, your career—your future is for ever clouded.

St. George. It is so already, madame. I have been robbed of respect, esteem, honour—all! by the breath of a fool. In the eyes of that world that yesterday surrounded me with acclamations, I am now a miserable, outcast slave. You know not, that this idiot has blighted hopes cherished for fifteen years. You—*you* shall know all. Beneath the burning sun of St. Domingo—beneath the chains that fettered me from childhood, I dared to dream of a better fate—a better world. Beneath the colour of my afflicted race, I felt my soul was free. Heaven sent, to bless my boyhood, a child, an angel who became the essence of my life—the guiding-star of my existence. For her sake I was proud—for her sake I sought to raise myself above the earth-trodden level of my wretched race: she made me feel that I had a mind, a heart, a soul. The thought of her made me toil and toil, till I had smoothed the paths to dignity and honour. At last I gained them; and when I reached the eminence for which I had striven—when I attained the goal for which I had panted, I fell upon my knees, and returned thanks to her—(*with force.*) to you, Cecile, for 'tis to you that I owe all. *(kneeling to her.)*

Countess. (*with abandon.*) Ah, Camille, my heart guessed rightly.

St. George. (*despairingly.*) And this bright dream, cherished for fifteen years, this man has broken. And do you think that I will spare him? Never! never!

Countess. Hear me. Is there not more true courage in conquering yourself than in vanquishing another? Camille, but yesterday you belonged to me, and by a single word I had the power to prevent this duel. (St. George *starts.)* I restored to you your

liberty. I do not repent it, for you were worthy of it; but the power which I once possessed, have I lost it now entirely? Recall the days of our childhood, Camille; then, had I asked you to forget an injury, or to forgive a foe, would you have hesitated? And, now that I no longer have the power to command—now that I no longer ask, but supplicate, Camille—entreat you, surely you will not refuse me?

ST. GEORGE. (*struck by an idea.*) Ah, I understand!

COUNTESS. What?

ST. GEORGE. The baron was destined for your husband?

COUNTESS. Yes.

ST. GEORGE. You tremble for him.

COUNTESS. (*with abandon.*) For him! No, no! it is for you!

ST. GEORGE. (*with transport.*) For me?

COUNTESS. Yes, your danger. Your injustice has wrung the secret avowal from me. Camille, 'tis thee I love—'tis thee I fear to lose.

ST. GEORGE. Great heavens.

COUNTESS. And now that my happiness—my peace of mind depend on you—you will renounce this combat.

ST. GEORGE. (*with force.*) Now less than ever, the man you love cannot live dishonoured! No power on earth can save him.

DE BOULOGNE. (*without,* L. U. E.) I wish to speak to him.

COUNTESS. That voice.

ST. GEORGE. 'Tis Monsieur de Boulogne.

COUNTESS. If he sees me here.

ST. GEORGE. (*showing* L. D.) This staircase leads to the garden, the garden to the street.

COUNTESS. (*putting down veil.*) Farewell!

ST. GEORGE. What, Cecile!

COUNTESS. (*at door.*) Camille, I have spoken. I love you with my soul, my life; but if this duel takes place, I leave you, and for ever.

ST. GEORGE. (*struggling with his feelings.*) Such a sacrifice to honour—

COUNTESS. Choose, Camille.

ST. GEORGE. (*after a pause.*) Madame, farewell!

COUNTESS. Farewell. [*She exits and closes* L. *door*

ST. GEORGE. Gone! gone! for ever!

PLATO *enters* C. *from* L. *announcing* "Monsieur de Boulogne."
Enter DE BOULOGNE, C. *from* L.

ST. GEORGE. (L. C., *coldly.*) I am at a loss to comprehend the motive of a visit from—

DE B. (R. C. *with emotion.*) I know that you expected another. I am here so early, because I did not wish my son to know that I waited on you.

ST. GEORGE. I understand! you came here to tender me his full apology.

DE B. No! I came to tell you that this duel is impossible.

St. George. Have you another lettre-de-cachet in your pocket? I believe that you generally go armed with those formidable weapons.

De B. When you hear the—when I have revealed to you the —the secret that chance discovered to me yesterday, and which fatality had concealed from me till then, I am sure that you will stifle all resentment. By my pronouncing one word you sword will fall powerless from your hand.

St. George. Indeed! speak it, sir.

De B. St. George! he whom you menace, the Baron de Tourvel, my son—

St George. Well, sir.

De B. Is your *brother!*

St. George. My brother?

De B. Yes! Spare me your reproaches—but—your mother,

St, George. My mother?

De B. Ah! her pure and devoted love merited a better fate. But a rich marriage flattered my pride, and wishing to efface all recollections of an event that might have destroyed my prospects of fortune, and forgetting the duty that I owed to Noémie, I—I sold her—sold her at the moment she was about to give you birth.

St. George. (*with indignation.*) Sold *her*, and her child!

De B. I do not attempt to excuse or justify my crime; but yesterday, during the quarrel at the house of the Countess de Presle I learnt the truth. Yes, St. George, you are my son, and I your father.

St. George. Father! *my* father! I remember *only* my mother and her tender love for her wretched child.

De B. (*moved.*) What! do you disown me?

St. George. 'Tis you who have disowned me! think you the name of father is so light a word you may disclaim it when it galls you, yet reclaim it when it's your interest to exact authority. Can you claim a father's right to obedience, who have neglected and cast off a father's duty? Now that years have passed over my head, do you dare to say to me "From childhood I have never recognised thee—thy life I vowed to shame—devoted to infamy—I sold thee ere thou hads't seen the light—for thy very face—thy colour was a humiliation to me; but to-day my house—my fortune's heir—the life of my darling son is in thy hands—now I reclaim a father's rights, and ask of thee to sacrifice thy feelings—thy reputation—and thy honour—for thou art my son—I am thy father." My father! Mine! Where was he, when a haughty mistress scourged me? Where was he, when upon the burning sands I begged my bread? And where, since then—since I have mastered fortune, and made *myself* a name—a title—where was he to clasp me to his heart and say, "My son, I am proud of thee." No, for your lawful son, honour, love, enjoyment! for the wretched slave, abandonment, oblivion, and contempt! Away! I never knew a father! I have none! (*crosses.*)

De B. I have deserved this, but think, your brother—the duel would become a fratricide.

St. George. Will you, then, to save him, acknowledge me as your son? Ah, you do not answer. And shall all Paris spit on me and call me coward—that your son may escape my just revenge?

De B. Revenge! Oh, St George, on my knees. (*kneeling.*) I pray to you—spare—oh, spare him.

St. George. (*raising him.*) Monsieur!

De B. (*looking off* c.) 'Tis he!

St. George. Hence, I beg of you.

De B. No, I will remain here. I will know my fate.

St. George. Remember, I have promised nothing.

(De Boulogne *goes up stage so that* Baron *does not see him.*

Enter Baron, c. *from* l.; Morliere, r. *door.*

St. George. (c.) Let me introduce you to my second, baron—but I do not see yours.

Baron. (l.) The fact is, that I grew tired of waiting for him—doubtless he will come.

De B. (*advancing* l. c.) No, sir, he will not.

Baron. My father!

De B. But I, sir, am here to take his place.

Baron. } You!
St. George. }

Morliere. Impossible!

De B. Why not, gentlemen? Who can be more careful of the honour of a son than he to whom that son owes life? Fear not, I will not prevent this duel. (*looking at* Chevalier.) It is inevitable, I know; but since my prayers have been repulsed with scorn—since the wishes of a father are despised, forget who I am, and accept me for your second.

All. Monsieur, but—

De B. I am determined. (*to* Morliere.) Monsieur, I am at your service.

Baron. The manner of the duel is already settled. (*to* Chevalier.) I have received your letter, and thank you for your courtesy. You leave to me the choice of arms; I choose the pistol. You were the insulted party—therefore you fire first.

De B. (*with dread.*) He—fire first?

Morliere. Quite correct.

Baron. My honour requires that the laws of the duel should be rigidly observed. Come, gentlemen, the carriages are waiting.

(*goes up stage with* Morliere, *as if to go out; as* Chevalier *follows,* De Boulogne *stops him.*

De B. (c.) Mercy—mercy for your brother!

St. George. (r. c.) You are without mercy for me. By you I lost all; naught remains to me but honour, and you ask me to sacrifice that also. Be it so! To you I owe the completion of my shame and degradation.

Baron. (*returning.*) What does this mean?

ST. GEORGE. *(hesitating, but at last conquering himself.)* You are at liberty to think what you please of me, sir, but I will not fight with you.

BARON. } What!
MORLIERE. }

DE B. *(with joy.)* Ah!

ST. GEORGE. *(forcibly.)* Now, go tell all Paris that St. George is a coward, of so deep a dye, that he refused to fight *you.* Load me with the odium—the hatred—the contempt of all the world. I am willing to submit to it. *(to* DE BOULOGNE.) Are you yet satisfied? Is my cup of degradation full enough to please you?

BARON. *(astounded.)* This language! There is some mystery. Father, you know some secret; what have you said to the chevalier? What have you told him?

COUNTESS. *(entering at* L. *door, and advancing to the centre.)* He told him that you were his brother.

BARON. } His brother!
MORLIERE. }

COUNTESS. The best—the noblest—the most generous of men. To those who dare disdain him be it said, that I, the Countess de Presle, thus knelt at his feet, and said, "Chevalier, I entreat you to accept my hand; I shall be proud to be your wife."

(ST. GEORGE *raises* COUNTESS *and embraces her.* BARON *throws himself into Chevalier's arms.—Picture. Music.* "*Child of the Sun,*" *as curtain falls.*

ST. GEORGE.

R. MORLIERE. *embracing* DE B. BARON. L.
COUNTESS.

CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right. L. Left. C. Centre. R. C. Right of Centre. L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat fo scene running across the back of the stage. C. D. F. Centre Door in Flat. R. D. F. Right Door in Flat L. D. F. Left Door in Flat. R. D. Right Door. L. D. Left Door. 2. E. Second Entrance. U. E. Upper Entrance. C. D. Centre Door.

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